It was very good – Kino closed his eyes again to listen to his music. (p 3)

In Kino's head there was a song now, clear and soft, and if he had been able to speak of it, he would have called it the Song of the Family. (p 4)

It was a morning like other mornings and yet perfect among mornings. (p 5)

Kino could see these things without looking at them. (p 5)

Sometimes it rose to an aching chord that caught the throat, saying this is safety, this is warmth, this is the *Whole*. (p 5)

His eyes were warm and fierce and bright… (p 5)

That was the only breakfast he had ever known outside of feast days and one incredible fiesta on cookies that had nearly killed him. (p 6)

Kino sighed with satisfaction - and that was conversation. (p 6)

In his mind a new song had come, the Song of Evil, the music of the enemy, of any foe of the family, a savage, secret, dangerous melody, and underneath, the Song of the Family cried plaintively. (p 6)

His body glided quietly across the room, noiselessly and smoothly. (p 7)

But Kino beat and stamped the enemy until it was only a fragment and a moist place in the dirt. His teeth were bared and fury flared in his eyes and the Song of the Enemy roared in his ears. (p 7)

Kino hovered; he was helpless, he was in the way. (p 7)

Kino had wondered often at the iron in his patient, fragile wife. (p 8)

“The doctor would not come," Kino said to Juana. (p 9)

Kino hesitated a moment. This doctor was not of his people. This doctor was of a race which for nearly four hundred years had beaten and starved and robbed and despised Kino's race, and frightened it too, so that the indigene came humbly to the door. (p 11)

Kino felt weak and afraid and angry at the same time. Rage and terror went together. He could kill the doctor more easily than he could talk to him, for all of the doctor's race spoke to all of Kino's race as though they were simple animals. And as Kino raised his right hand to the iron ring knocker in the gate, rage swelled in him, and the pounding music of the enemy beat in his ears, and his lips drew tight against his teeth - but with his left hand he reached to take off his hat. (p 11)

Kino spoke to him in the old language. "The little one – the firstborn - has been poisoned by the scorpion," Kino said. "He requires the skill of the healer." (p 11)

Crease by crease he unfolded it, until at last there came to view eight small misshapen seed pearls, as ugly and gray as little ulcers, flattened and almost valueless. (p 13)

Kino and Juana came slowly down to the beach and to Kino's canoe, which was the one thing of value he owned in the world. It was very old. Kino's grandfather had brought it from Nayarit, and he had given it to Kino's father, and so it had come to Kino. It was at once property and source of food, for a man with a boat can guarantee a woman that she will eat something. It is the bulwark against starvation. And every year Kino refinished his canoe with the hard shell-like plaster by the secret method that had also come to him from his father. Now he came to the canoe and touched the bow tenderly as he always did. (p 15)

Kino, in his pride and youth and strength, could remain down over two minutes without strain, so that he worked deliberately, selecting the largest shells. (p 18)

His eyes were shining with excitement, but in decency he pulled up his rock, and then he pulled up his basket of oysters and lifted them in. (p 19)

Very deliberately Kino opened his short strong knife. He looked speculatively at the basket. Perhaps it would be better to open the oyster last. He took a small oyster from the basket, cut the muscle, searched the folds of flesh, and threw it in the water. Then he seemed to see the great oyster for the first time. He squatted in the bottom of the canoe, picked up the shell and examined it. The flutes were shining black to brown, and only a few small barnacles adhered to the shell. Now Kino was reluctant to open it. What he had seen, he knew, might be a reflection, a piece of flat shell accidently drifted in or a complete illusion. (p 19)

And to Kino the secret melody of the maybe pearl broke clear and beautiful, rich and warm and lovely, glowing and gloating and triumphant. In the surface of the great pearl he could see dream forms. (p 20)